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His Anchor Held.

(Russell E. Conwell, in the 'Morning Star.')

A sailor in Gloucester, Mass., had been wounded in a wreck, and was brought ashore. The fever was great and he was dying. His comrades gathered around him in a little fishing house, and the physician said, 'He won't live long.' The sailor was out of his mind until near the close. But, within a few minutes of his death, he looked around, and calling one comrade after another, bade them good-bye, and then sank off into sleep. Finally, as it was time for his medicine again, one of the sailors, rousing him, said, 'Mate, how are you now?' He looked up into the eyes of his friend and said, 'My anchor holds!' They were his last words. And when they called upon a friend of mine to take charge of the funeral service, how powerful was the impression made upon his hearers when he quoted the dying words: 'My anchor holds.'

One Way.

(By Miss I. M. Smith.)

'How soon a smile of God can change the world,' she read.

'Ah, yes! but when God's face is turned away, how dark and cold it grows,' she mused. 'How dreary and dark and cold! How can I bear to go on and live my desolate life, now that God's smile has ceased for me!'

But Elizabeth's was a brave spirit, and no one but herself knew of these hours of terrible sadness and depression.

Her friends all said of her, 'How well she bears the changes and afflictions of the past year!' A year which had taken from her those whom she loved most in all the world.

But she had not shut herself up, she had not talked overmuch about her griefs, and her serious face had always brightened at the sight of a friend, while her interest in the interests of others she had never allowed to flag.

There were some who said openly that they could not understand her! Yet Elizabeth's standpoint was a very simple one.

'There are just two sorts of people in the world, the saddeners and the gladdeners,' she had said to herself during the first dark days. 'I don't know yet whether I can help to gladden others who are in sorrow, but I do know that I will not sadden anyone and so add to the weight of another's already heavy burden.

'It seems to me that the only right way of living in this sad old world is to help others all one can, and never to hinder. And when one is no longer happy, then one must try to make other people happier—just because one is still alive.

'What a very little thing will give joy to a child! So I will try to make the children about me happy as long as I live. And what a very little act of kindness, thoughtfulness or courtesy will bring a glad smile to some poor creature's face. I will try to call up such smiles as often as I can. So many little pleasant friendly things can be done for others every day—if one only thinks of doing them. And if every one of us tried to help along the sunshine instead of the shadows, how much brighter and better the world would be. For happiness is what every one craves, and most of us lack. It will never be mine again, but at best I will try to give a little of it to others whenever I possibly can!'

So the days and months had passed slowly on, until at last Elizabeth found God's smile again. For by thinking constantly of others, this 'sad old world' came to be again a pleasant place to dwell. And in constantly trying to give happiness to those about her, she found it also for herself, until she realized that thus, though in a new, unlooked-for way, 'a smile of God' had 'changed the world' for her.—Selected.

Sir Matthew Hale.

Sir Matthew Hale, who was born at Alderley, in Gloucestershire, on November 1st, A.D. 1609, became Lord Chief Justice of England in 1660. He was throughout his life remarkable for his piety and love to God.

In 1666, there was a wide-spread belief that the end of the world would happen in that year. Judge Hale being engaged in the business of the assizes, was, on a certain day, conducting a trial when a terrible storm burst over the place. The whole assembly were filled with sudden fear of death and judgment, and betook themselves to prayer, but the judge was not in the least discomposed, and he quietly proceeded with the business in hand until the storm had ceased.

For many years this good judge regularly laid aside the tenth part of his income for acts of charity, and secretly paid the debts of many poor men, that they might be released from prison.

There was a man who had done him great wrong and injustice, who afterwards came to him for his advice. Sir Matthew frankly gave it to him, and would accept no fee, and when he was asked, 'How he could treat a man so kindly who had wronged him so grievously?' his answer was, 'He thanked God that he had learned to forget injuries.'

The following well-known lines, so often seen on cottage walls and in almanacks, were written by Sir Matthew Hale:—

'A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the joys of to-morrow;
But a Sunday profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.'

And the learned judge acted on his own rule, for, for thirty-six years he never once failed in attending church on the Lord's Day.

In 1676, his health failed, and he had a curious presentiment of his death, for he said, that 'if he did not die on such a day (the 25th of November), he believed he should live a month longer.' And he died on that very day month, being Christmas-day, a day on which he had been accustomed to write sacred poetry, and to feel special joy and devotion.—'Chatterbox.'

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Beautiful and True.

The breadth and fulness of a man's religious life are determined, not by the decisiveness with which he affirms his belief in God, but by the comprehensiveness of his acknowledgement of the presence and power of God. The most profoundly religious man is not he who worships God devoutly in one place, but he who finds the whole world ablaze with the light of God's countenance, and all life streaming with his power.

We are all going to the Father, as Professor Drummond has told us in one of the most striking and comforting of his many striking and comforting interpretations of time and experience in the light of eternity. We are all going to the Father; that is the real meaning of life. But we are not going to a Father housed afar in unapproachable majesty; we are going to a Father in whose house we are now living, whom we have not seen, but who is seeking through everything which surrounds us on our journey to reveal himself to us. Our seeking does not consist in a long and solitary searching in the ends of the world; it consists in so living that we shall come into harmony with his will, and so, through obedience and purity, open our spirits to his coming who surrounds us with himself, and is constantly striving to find ways of approach to us. It was a Greek philosopher who created the beautiful fable that man is born into a well-built house in his childhood and that age pulls it down stone by stone until he stands at last in the undimmed sunlight.

We are going to the Father, but we are not going alone. We are living in our Father's house and journeying through our Father's country, and all things are ordered for our advancement if we will open our eyes to see that nature is his, for he made it, and what men call science is the eye of the inward perfection; that the family, the Church, and the State are his, for they are the great schools in which men are trained to be like him: that sorrow and trial and the burdens of life are means and tools in his hands for the making of noble souls; that the vast amount of man's life has been his from its far beginning; that in every age he has spoken with more voices and revealed himself in more ways; and that, through clouds and darkness, the lines of a divine order more and more clearly disclose themselves. The deepest and richest belief in God is born in the souls of those who find him everywhere and to whom all things and all men are sacred because he made and cares for all.—The 'Outlook.'

Ten Days.

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight.

'I can't see that there's much the matter,' she told the doctor. 'I believe you are keeping me abed just to make me rest,' and she laughed up at him.

The physician was the cheeriest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

'Christine,' he said, 'I have never lied to you, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not as well as you think.'

Her startled eyes searched his own.

'Do you mean——' she began.

'I mean, my dear child, that all I can do is to make you comfortable for a little while.' His eyes were wet.

'How long?' she asked, softly.

'Probably about ten days.'

She drew a quick breath. 'Do the rest know?'

The physician nodded.

'Poor mother!' she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. 'I thank you for telling me.'

Her father sat with her at the noon hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big, warm hand.

'Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?' she said. 'This evening will be a good time.'

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

'You'd better send a note.'

'I'd rather you'd take the message—please.'

'All right. I'll tell him,' and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stooped to kiss her.

'If only I could see them friends before I go!' she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down, and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was in college. He was not making the best of himself, and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

'Theodoric, do you know the meaning of your name?' she asked.

'No. Something I'm not, I presume.'

'Something you can be,' the gentle voice replied. 'It is "powerful among the people," and I think it is beautiful. Only one cannot be that, you know, unless one is master of himself, and is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away.'

The boy did think, and he became a power for good among his fellows.

So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were united, a home was provided for a destitute cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony, and a despairing woman found peace and joy. Besides, this, there were uncounted deeds of love that lived in many hearts long after the doer of them had passed from sight.

Ten days! They are waiting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall those days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten days, and every ten that follow them?—'Youth's Companion.'

A Mission Romance.

'Is it worth our while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?' asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856.

'Perhaps not,' answered the other; 'but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come.'

'Come on, then,' said the first speaker. 'I suppose we can stand it.'

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents, but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

'Work thrown away!' grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

'Who knows,' replied the missionary. 'It was God's Word, and we are told that it shall not fall on the ground unheeded.'

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by, who stopped in by accident, tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, all of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

About thirty-five years afterward we found him, surrounded by 'his children' as he loves to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The missionary referred to is William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakhatta Indians.—Selected.

Complete in Him.

(A. D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A dear old lady lay upon her deathbed while her good pastor sat beside her, trying to give comfort and get some glimpses of heaven for his own strengthening, for many words of grace fell from those aged lips.

In the course of conversation the pastor asked the old saint, 'What do you consider one of the most valuable portions of the Word?'

Expecting to hear some rich promise, he was surprised to hear her reply: 'I have thought much of this text of late: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."' And then after a pause: '"Ye are complete in Him;" strange that both of these can be said of the same person, but thank the Lord it is so and can be said even of me.'

Yes, strange, yet a blessed fact that the chief of sinners can be made 'complete' in Him.

It is when we are clothed with humility and feel our utter unworthiness that we come the nearest to being complete in Christ; 'tis none but the humble who will find acceptance with Him, and he who feels himself chief of sinners will beg the most earnestly for grace, and therefore will be made 'complete in Him.'

Religious News.

The Church of Christ in Japan represents the Reformed and Presbyterian cults. The Kumi-ai churches stand for independency. The Methodist Church of Japan was formed by a union of the Methodist bodies, and is now presided over by Bishop Honda, a native Japanese. The irenic and unifying ministry of the standing committee of co-operating Christian missions in Japan continues its active and useful service in various departments of religious work. At its last general meeting, the committee presented plans for holding a Jubilee Christian Conference in the year 1909, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Christian work in modern Japan. This jubilee conference will be representative of all Christian churches and evangelical organizations in the empire—a united jubilee, to commemorate the entrance of the blest religion of the one Lord and Master of us all among the Japanese people.—'Presbyterian.'

A strong spirit of Moslem fanaticism prevails among all the tribes of Morocco, only waiting to be fanned into a flame by some spirited leader. Therefore while we can only commit the future to God who rules the nations, the political situation surely demands the prayers of all who love Christ's kingdom.

While foreigners can reside with a degree of safety in the cities and travel between them and the coast, a large part of the country is inaccessible to Christians and that in no part is there any real religious liberty.

The government uses its influence to hinder the work of missionaries and especially to keep us from going to the Berber tribes. The people are strongly opposed to the Gospel and few are willing to be seen listening even to a private conversation on the subject of religion. Is it not time then for definite earnest prayer that, whatever political changes come to Morocco, more freedom may be given for the preaching of the Gospel and that the hearts of the people may be inclined to read the Scriptures which are now being published in their dialect?—F. C. Enyart in 'The Gospel Message.'

The Rev. K. R. Gopalah Aiyar belonged to a high-caste Brahman or priestly caste in Cochine, South India. From his childhood he says that he had a great desire to love God and be saved, though he did not know the true way. 'I used to get up at 4 a.m., daily in hot weather and cold weather, and with many others bathe in the temple tank. For nearly two hours I used to repeat prayers in Sanskrit, the meaning of which I did not know. I worshipped many idols, and in my own home I had many miniature gods and goddesses, which I every morning washed, clothed, and even fed with sweetened rice. I went round the sacred banian-tree a hundred times daily to please the gods. I detested the non-Brahmans, and every time I touched them I immersed myself in a tank to remove the pollution. I was a strict vegetarian, and a very strict teetotaler.

'A European missionary of the Church Missionary Society spoke to me of Christ, and gave me a Bible. I read it for two years, and with the help of that Padre Sahib I became a Christian, and was baptized. My parents and other relatives have considered me ever since as a social leper. I had severe persecutions, but God gave me grace to stand all. My father disinherited me, though I am the eldest son. I am now the pastor of a Tamil church in Madras. I rejoice in God, and I thank Him because He brought me out of darkness and from blindly and foolishly worshipping idols to the great light, to worship Him alone, and also to work for Him in His vineyard.'

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1909.

Review.

Golden Text.

With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. Acts iv., 33.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 14.—Acts x., 24-48.
Tuesday, June 15.—Acts xii., 5-17.
Wednesday, June 16.—Acts ix., 1-20.
Thursday, June 17.—Acts xi., 19-30.
Friday, June 18.—Acts xiii., 1-12.
Saturday, June 19.—Acts xiv., 8-22.
Sunday, June 20.—Heb. xi., 32-40.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

I wonder if any of you could tell me what 'taking stock' means. If any one of you has a father who owns a store he will be able to tell. 'Taking stock' is usually done about once every year and it means to go over all there is in a store and see just what there is and whether it is all in good order. Then if there is anything found in the store that is no good it is not kept there any longer, because a storekeeper doesn't want any useless stuff taking up room in his store. Have any of you got stores of your very own? Well, of course you haven't got stores where people come to buy things, but each of you has a particular kind of storehouse where you put away, oh, such lots of different kinds of things to be ready for your own and other people's use. Supposing mother says 'Willie, where did Jack leave the axe last?' You stop a minute and say to yourself, 'Now where did I see that axe?' I know I remember seeing it after Jack had finished,' so you go hunting round a little while in the storehouse of your memory for just the particular kind of memory mother wants just then until you find it, and say, 'I know, mother. He left it in the yard right by the wood-pile,' and out you go to get it. So you all have storerooms of your own where you keep things you remember. Sometimes its very hard to find just the kind of memory you want, isn't it? Things seem to get a bit mixed up and lost for a time; we put such a lot of things away there in our memory storerooms. So many things, in fact, that it would be quite impossible for us to take stock of them all, wouldn't it? But sometimes we do stop for a little while to take stock of what we have put away up there on just one particular shelf. You know you have all been doing that in a kind of a way in your examinations in school. When your teacher asks you how to spell a certain word or how you do a certain example, it is just to make sure you have put these memories away safely in your storeroom, because you will be sure to need them by and by. For three months we have taken time on Sundays to put away in our minds some facts about what happened in the early days of the Christian church, some things that Peter did, something about Paul and Barnabas, about a lame man that was healed, and a great many other things. Now we want to stop a little while before putting away any more facts and 'take stock' of what we have already got on this one shelf, for this is what we call review Sunday. The first lesson was about Peter and a man named Cornelius who both saw very wonderful visions. Who put away anything in their memories about that?

FOR THE SENIORS.

This review covers chapters IX-XV of the acts and the three recent studies from the epistles. It may be taken up in a number of different ways, considering the places mentioned and the events connected with them, the characters most prominent and why they should hold the place they do, the outstanding events and the reason for their prominence, the great principles that were at stake in the early church and how they were maintained, the great lessons which the stories have for us, or along any one of the following more detailed lines:

1. A study of what the early Christians saw—Visions (Acts ix., x); Trial (Acts ix., 1, 23; xi., 19; xii., 1-5; xiii., 50, etc.); the needs of men (Acts xi., 19, 20); the duty of missions (Acts xiii., 2,3); great results (Acts xi., 21, 24, 26, etc.); difficulties within the church (Acts xi., 1-3; xv., 1-29); the need for consecration (James ii., 14-26); the need for self-control (James iii., 1-18); the great hope of the future life (Heb. xi., 1).

2. The growth of the early church—In light from heaven (Acts xi., 5, 13); through trial on earth (Acts xi., 19); by the constant care of God (Acts ix., 4, 15; xi., 21); through the true life of its common members (Acts xi., 19 20); by the missionary spirit (Acts xiii., xiv.); by the overcoming of internal faults (Acts xv.); by the working out of the inner life (James iii., iv.); by regard to the future (Heb. xi).

3. A study in twos—Two sets of two visions (Acts ix., x.); two escapes (Acts ix., 23-25; xii., 7-11); two stonings (Acts xi., 19; xiv., 19); two missionaries (Acts xiii., 2); two views of faith (James ii., 18); the Gospel in two Antiochs (Acts xi., 19-26; xiii., 14-50); two parties in the church (Acts xv., 1, 2); two sorts of enemies, those within (Acts xv., 24), and those without (Acts xii., 1; xiv., 2. 5, 19); two sides to the power of speech (James iii.).

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 20.—Topic—Rules for right living. Rom. xii., 9-21.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 14.—Strength for all tasks. Isa. xlix., 8-11.

Tuesday, June 15.—David's Hill Difficulty. I. Sam. xvii., 32-51.

Wednesday, June 16.—The dangers of slackness. Rev. ii., 1-7.

Thursday, June 17.—A call to awake. Rom. xiii., 11-14.

Friday, June 18.—The victor. I. John v., 1-5; Rev. iii., 12.

Saturday, June 19.—Retracing our steps. Num. xiv., 26-35.

Sunday, June 20.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. VI. The Hill Difficulty. Rom. vii, 14-25; II. Cor. vi., 1-10.

The Inside of a Boy.

The outside of the boy is visible and audible. He tries the nerves and arouses the indignation of every lover of quiet and good order. He raises the dust and scratches the furniture; he breaks the windows and destroys the lawn; he teases the dog and worries the cat; he is in the way when he is not wanted, and out of the way when he is wanted; he seems to be a miniature-jacketed cyclone, full of energy and always in motion. Ink-stained fingers, and dust-stained face, hard to keep in shoes and clothes, loving play, and not much in love with work, this is something like the average boy.

Can such a boy become a Christian? Will Christianity take the yell and the play out of him? Will it keep him out of mischief and make him a quiet, orderly, low-voiced angel? Thank God it will not. If you have that idea of a boy's religion, please do not try it on the boys or you will imagine you have mistaken your vocation entirely.

Half the boy's faults, perhaps a great deal more than that, are simply manifestations of the titanic life forces at work in that small bundle of budding manhood. The boy has a great deal to learn, and needs teaching; but he needs wise teachers, and first, strong teachers. The teacher must understand the boy or fail. The boy must have room to grow. Somehow, somewhere he must let loose his surplus energy. Men say the boy is hard to control; so would a steam-engine be if we let the pressure run up, and gave it no load to carry. Give him exercise; lots of it, but not too long continued.

The boy likes excitement, adventure, and does not know why. It is simply the voice of the ancient Vikings unsilenced after fifteen centuries. Don't try to crush it out; train it.

The boy has a conscience and a keen eye for consistency. His teacher must be clean; whiter than the snow is none too white for boys.

The boy possesses also a high regard for manhood, especially for the kind that distinguishes itself in athletic or intellectual triumphs, and we must use this also to win him for Christ and the higher life.

But above all else the boy has a loving heart. He wants friends. He may not be very demonstrative, but he appreciates kindness. Use him well, feed him well, speak kindly to him and of him, and your kindness will prove a channel through which Christ can come to that boy; but your kindness must not be of the condescending type, rather of the comrade type. Make a friend, a chum if you will, of your boy and your boy is well-nigh won. Above all, don't judge a boy by the things in him that you don't like. Get inside of him and find what he really is; find out his good points as well as his bad ones, not till then can you help him much, but if you can only understand him and get a grip on his heart, he will follow you anywhere.—The 'Christian Guardian.'

New Teachers.

'I don't want to go up to the third grade and leave you. I don't want a new teacher.' Emily's voice sounded as if she could cry without half trying. The last day of school had come, and as she said good-bye to Miss Fenton, a queer lump had come into her throat. 'I don't want a new teacher,' she repeated.

'But I was a new teacher last September,' Miss Fenton reminded her.

'So you were! It doesn't seem as if you ever could have been,' sighed Emily, looking fondly into the friendly face.

'I didn't stay a new teacher very long,' smiled Miss Fenton. 'And that was because you made me so welcome. When you came in at the door, you smiled at me and then we were acquainted. Right away I saw that you were going to do your very best to help me, just as I was going to do my best to help you. By recess time we felt like old friends. Treat your next teacher in the very same way and it will not be long before the new wears off, and you will be hopeful friends instead of strangers.'

'It's a long time to remember till next September,' laughed Emily, as she moved toward the door, 'but I'll try to remember that, even if I forget what you taught us about numbers.'—Selected.

Summer Sunday Schools.

In not a few places throughout Canada, new Sunday Schools are being formed just about this time to keep open for five or six months—or until the cold weather sets in. Many of our readers know just such a school. Will you not pass on to one of the workers in that school, this copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' marking this item?

We want every Sunday School worker in Canada to know the 'Northern Messenger,' to know that they can make a three weeks' trial of it, in their school AT OUR expense. All that is necessary is for some responsible person, the Pastor, Superintendent or Secretary, to send us on a postcard the number of copies he would like to have to distribute each Sunday, stating where they are to be sent and that it is to be on our 'three weeks' free trial' basis. We will promptly send on the desired supply for three consecutive weeks, with absolutely no charge, whether the school decides to take the 'Messenger' subsequently, on or to leave it. We believe the 'Messenger' can win its own way and we take all the risk, for we are convinced that for the average Canadian Sunday School, particularly where there is a mixed element coming from several denominations, there is no paper that will give such general satisfaction both to old and young as the 'Northern Messenger.'

Then the price is so low. In packages of ten or over to one address it costs only twenty cents a year per copy (just half the regular subscription price. Five cents per copy will secure as many as desired each week for three months. Tell your friends about the 'Messenger' and you will be doing them a genuine kindness. All enquiries should be addressed to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

There are nine members to be welcomed into the League this week, and all but one come from the same province, Ontario. The remaining one is from the United States. The new members are:—Emily A. Taylor, O., Ont.; Fannie Margaret Bryans, D., Ont.; Harry H. Oakley, O., Ont.; Stanley Ferns, R., Ont.; Evelyn and Oscar Oxley, C., Ont.; Nellie Macklin, G., Ont.; George Brain, L. S., Ont., and Susie Ferlin, F., Pa.

N. D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school as much as I can and like it, but have not been to school for nearly two weeks on account of sickness. I live in a village but do not like it very well. I used to live on a farm about two miles from here and liked it there much better. My brother Milton is on the farm now. I have seven brothers and three sisters.

EDNA HALLMAN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is nearly a year since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day, and in winter we have lots of fun playing tag in the snow. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School every Sunday. This year I am learning Bible verses for a prize. I had a big time at the Christmas holidays. I sang at the church entertainment and read a letter to Santa Claus. We had a tree and Santa Claus put presents on it for us all at home. He always brings me moccasins and rubbers. One of my best presents this year was a pair of tame canaries. The one is hatching on one little blue egg and the other sings nearly all the time. All the girls and boys in our Sunday School class gave five cents to send to the Children's Hospital at Toronto. This year we are going to save all our pennies to send to the missions.

KENNETH C. (age 8).

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in a little lumbering town on the Madawaska River 145 miles from Ottawa. There are two saw mills here. I have two brothers. We go to Sunday School and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read the stories very well. My father is the postmaster.

RUSSELL DEVENNY.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I was sick and could not go to school, but I am better now. Mamma and my little baby sister are away for a visit now, and I am lonesome without her. She has no name and I wish some of the correspondents would tell me a nice name. It seems as if we can't find one pretty enough.

MARY HAYES.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Owls.' Ethel Fitzgerald, M., Sask.
2. 'A Pail.' Annie Pearl Beardsley (age 12), M. R., N.S.
3. 'A Rose.' Harold Fitzgerald, M., Sask.
4. 'Bird.' Kathleen Ladell (age 7), F., Ont.
5. 'A Dangerous Occupation.' Ernest Atkinson (age 11), B. P., Ont.
6. 'A Cup.' Ella Elliot (age 9), S., Man.
7. 'A Scene.' Hattie M. Ball (age 8), V. H., Ont.
8. 'The Visitor.' Lela S. A. (age 14), Mill View, P.E.I.
9. 'Watch.' Heber Fitzgerald, M., Sask.
10. 'A Precious Load.' Helen Ritchie, E., Ont.
11. 'The "Ruby L."' William F. Beardsley (age 14), M. R., N.S.

M. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and three brothers. My two oldest sisters and my oldest brother are in the States now. They went there two years ago, and I have two aunts there. I will be fourteen years old in June. I have a sister the same age as myself. There are just eight scholars attending school now.

EDITH A. McDONALD.

D., Sask.

Dear Editor,—My three older brothers and I myself drive 2½ miles to school every day. We never freeze in winter, although it has been as low as 40 degrees below zero. My father and brothers went to the coal mines 3 times last fall, about 36 miles away, and got 13 tons of coal. In the summer we have great times catching gophers. There are lots of coyotes, rabbits, foxes, badgers, and weasels out here.

STANLEY LINTON (age 8).

OTHER LETTERS.

Emily A. Taylor, O., Ont., calls herself 'a little friend who loves to read the "Messenger."' We are glad to have so many of our correspondents say the same thing. Emily says 'I had a little brother sixteen months older than I am. He died in April and we all miss him badly.' We are all sorry for you, Emily.

Arthur Dagg, S. C., Que., belongs to the Loyal Temperance Legion. He writes 'I am going to school now but it is too far in winter.'

Fannie Margaret Bryans, D., Ont., says 'I would like to tell about a pet hen that wouldn't lay with the others, but came up every day and layed in the dog kennel. Then she wanted to sit, so mother gave her some eggs and now she is sitting there, though the dog sleeps in his kennel every night.'

Annie Pearl Beardsley, and Wilbur F. Beardsley, M. R., N.S., write short letters. Annie writes 'to thank you for the Maple Leaf Brooch and pictures which I received. I thought they were very pretty.' Wilbur has 'a fine time in the winter, coasting and skating. There is a pretty lake about a half a mile from here.'

Annie V. Watts, G. T., P.E.I., complains 'there is no school now. Our teacher went away about three weeks ago. We don't know who we are going to have next for a teacher.'

Nellie Macklin, G., Ont., once got one of our Maple Leaf Brooches 'but I thought so much of it and wore it so much that I lost it. When I have finished going to school I am going to study to be a public school teacher.'

Clara Ann Rivers, K., N.Y., lives on a farm, 'and I have lots of playmates.'

Gordon Sims, M. R., P.Que., thought he would write a letter 'the same as the rest of the little boys and girls. We have just finished sugaring. We will be going to school soon.'

Irene Trafford, D., Ont., also writes a short letter.

Flags
For Home And School

The two letters following give good indication of the way in which the 'Witness' Flag Offer is appreciated on all sides:

Kingsey Falls, Que.
May 22, 1909.

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal, Can.

My Dear Sirs,—I received the flag this morning and am greatly pleased with it. I congratulate your esteemed paper on the effort it is making to spread patriotic sentiment in our Dominion.

Thanking you for the favor, I am,
Very sincerely yours,
JOHN A. JOHNSTON.

Riviere du Loup Station, P. Que.
May 22, 1909.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Allow me to thank you in behalf of the pupils of our school for the beautiful flag which we received yesterday. All are delighted with it, and feel proud to know that through their own efforts they have obtained, in so short a time, one of your largest flags. They began only on Monday last to take subscriptions, and on Tuesday, the day following, had sufficient names on their lists for the procuring of a four-yard flag.

Through their further endeavor, nearly enough money has also been raised towards paying for a very fine pole, which was put in place to-day, ready for hoisting the flag on Monday, Empire Day.

Again thanking you very sincerely,
Yours truly,
W. JOHN M. MAY,
Secretary-Treasurer
Fraserville Dissentient School.

Our Flag Dept. may not make much noise or display but steadily and all the time it is helping to supply best quality flags to schools and homes all over Canada on a very liberal self-help basis that means not a cent of actual cash outlay for the flag itself. Special circumstances and special needs gladly given special attention. Full information on application to FLAG DEPT., JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The 'Spite' Fence.

(Laura Alton Payne, in 'Forward.')

As the cab rolled away, Blythe Harper paused a moment on the stone coping of the little front park, to feast her eyes upon the dear old place.

It was nine o'clock of a fresh, sweet morning in early April. No one was watching for her, as she was expected on the evening train. She knew exactly where they were—her father at the office, and her mother in the kitchen.

Blythe's eyes greedily took in the smooth, green park and yard with their neat iron fences, the plain but commodious frame house in cool French grey with white trimmings, the background of vines and shrubbery in their budding foliage—then she saw it.

There it stood in all its ugliness—the 'spite' fence her mother had written her about; two of them, rather, back to back, stubborn, insensate things. For, when Jason Harper—never a patient man—provoked beyond endurance by the trespassing of his new neighbor's dog and chickens and children, resentfully put up, just within the dividing line of the two premises, an almost solid board fence six feet high, Amos Thorne, though ill able to do so, promptly retaliated with a similar fence fully six inches higher, and not more than four inches from the original or aboriginal, as it now seemed to Blythe.

'Oh, dear!' she sighed, in a tone of dismay, 'this will never do!' Then she had a sudden inspiration. With a laugh, she caught up her suit case and hurried around the house to surprise her mother. Mrs. Harper, her back to the door, was kneading sponge for her Saturday's baking, wholly unconscious of the tall girl tiptoeing across the porch, until she was clasped in a close embrace.

'Blythe!' Two floury arms went around her tall daughter. 'O Blythe!'

When Blythe saw the look on her mother's face she realized how much that little mother had missed her. With a pang, she wished that she had not stayed away so long—that her father had written sooner. But she would make up for it now.

'I'm here to stay, mumsie dear,' she said, smiling through misty eyes at her mother, who hovered around her while she ate her belated breakfast, touching her with clinging hands, and saying over and over, 'Oh, dearie, it does seem so good to have you home again.'

An hour later, Blythe stood in her own spotlessly-neat blue-and-white room, gazing around with the joy of possession. How delightful it all was after nearly two years' absence! She went from window to window to gaze upon familiar scenes.

'Oh, dear!' Again the involuntary exclamation of dismay. She had paused at the window overlooking the Thorne premises, and that awful fence! As her gaze roved over the general untidiness on the other side of it, Blythe's objections moderated. She understood what a vexation, aside from the trespassing, the mere sight of such a state of affairs had been to her father, whose own trim place was the pride of the street.

A score or more of fowls were pasturing on the oasis of sward in the front yard, and vigorously remodelling the relief form of the leaf-covered desert at the back. The 'desert' was promiscuously decorated with tin cans, a broken chair, a dilapidated cart with three wheels, an old barrel, two swill pails, and a huge cinder heap. Hanging in a conspicuous apple tree were a hoe, a mop, a piece of ragged carpet, and two or three cast-off garments. Tubs and other household utensils cluttered the back porch. The house and small barn and dilapidated fences were in dire need of a coat of paint.

The place had not looked so in old Mr. Hallam's time. Mr. Hallam, who was somewhat of a recluse, had lived next door ever since Blythe could remember. At his death, just after she went away to school, the property fell to his nephew, Amos Thorne, in Ohio. The Thornes had promptly taken possession of their Kansas home—the only home they ever had owned. Early the following spring the 'spite' fence had been built.

Blythe had laughed over her mother's account of it, but now it seemed no laughing matter. Its only redeeming features were a coat of paint—on the Harper side—and a gradual slope at the front to a level with the street fence. But for fully three-fourths its length, it loomed high and aggressive, proclaiming to every passer-by its origin and purpose. Indeed, at that very moment there came a loud laugh from the street, and a voice exclaimed, 'Look at that fence, will ye?'

Blythe felt her cheeks tingle as the second farmer twisted around to gaze back with a broad grin that ended in a guffaw. She turned and shook her fist at the offensive cause of their mirth as she admonished:—

'Just wait awhile, you ugly, inartistic old heathen!—just wait till my magic box comes! We'll give those farmers, and everybody else, a crick in the neck gazing at you.'

Changing to a fresh print gown, Blythe hastened to the kitchen to help with the dinner. A loud 'whoa' at the barn announced her father's arrival. Simultaneously, came shrill whistles, shouts, and loud talking beyond the Janus-faced fence.

'The Thorne children home from school,' explained Mrs. Harper. 'It's that way morning, noon, and night.'

Blythe went flying down the back walk to be caught in her father's arms with a cry of surprise and welcome.

'O daddy,' she said eagerly, 'I am so glad you wrote me—mother does look bad. I sent in my resignation the next day and—here I am.'

'Too bad you had to give up your school when you were doing so well, but your mother was pining for a sight of her little girl. She doesn't know I wrote, and you must not tell her; remember.'

'All right, daddy,' assented Blythe. 'But,' merrily, 'if I'm the tonic mother needs, she will soon be well, for I intend to give her large doses of me—and you, too, daddy.'

'I feel better already,' laughed her father.

As they started to the house, arm in arm, three heads bobbed down on the other side of the 'spite' fence. A moment later, as Blythe glanced back from the kitchen door, she saw two boys, of probably eleven and thirteen years of age, astride the fence, propelling themselves along with leapfrog tactics.

As Blythe's merry laugh rang out, the two forms, with an agile turn peculiar to boys and cats, disappeared head-foremost, to alight on their feet, Blythe felt sure.

'Dear me!' exclaimed her father, irritably. 'Those boys are the bane of my life. If it isn't one thing it's another from early to late. School is our only relief. I only wish they'd double the hours there for little savages like the Thorne boys.'

'I'll tame them for you, daddy,' smiled Blythe, across the table. 'I've learned a great deal about boys in the last seven months.'

'You don't know those boys,' discouragingly.

'I'll get acquainted,' encouragingly.

The next Saturday morning brought Blythe's 'magic box.' Nat and Chris Thorne sat on top of the 'spite' fence, and watched her prepare to open it on the back porch.

When Blythe smiled at them in a friendly way and called, 'Boys, come here a moment, please, and help me,' they responded promptly, but somewhat shyly. Wise Blythe sat down, and let them do bunglingly what she could have done deftly—pry the box open.

'I wonder if I couldn't hire you boys to do some work for me to-day,' she said persuasively.

'Yes'm,' they chorused, their eyes brightening.

'Can you spade?'

'I can,' said Chris, the elder, eagerly.

'Can you rake?' to Nat.

'You bet!'

'The very boys I want!' smiled Blythe. 'You may consider yourselves engaged for to-day at ten cents an hour.'

'Goody!' exclaimed Nat, 'I can get me some new—'

Chris's hand cut short Nat's revelation. 'Huh! wait till you've earned it, silly,' he scoffed.

'Oh, he'll earn it,' assured Blythe. 'There's the rake, Nat; you may clear off the vegetable garden yonder. Bring the spade, Chris, and we will get a place ready for some of these bulbs.'

'Going to set them here?' There was incredulity in Chris' tone, as they paused by the front of the 'spite' fence.

'Yes, indeed; this is a fine spot for them,' returned Blythe. 'Please spade good and deep the whole length of the fence, and twice the width of the spade.'

Chris stared in amazement. 'Vines all along?' he queried, still doubtingly.

Blythe nodded, and said, 'They'll look so pretty.'

With a queer look on his face, Chris fell to spading vigorously. Both boys worked faithfully all the forenoon, and with a word of praise, and a generous square of her mother's fresh gingerbread, Blythe sent them home for dinner just as her father drove up.

'What are those little savages doing here?' he demanded, as Blythe went to meet him.

'Working for me and, incidentally, getting tamed, daddy, dear. Now, you shan't say a word against my hired men—not a word,' she warned playfully. 'I'm proving a theory, namely, the more work a boy has, the less breath he has for shrill whistling, catcalls, and war-whoops. They will help again this afternoon.'

'Well, have it your own way,' laughed Mr. Harper; 'you usually do. I'll not object if it saves me the bother of spring cleaning. But keep an eye on them.'

'I'll keep two eyes on them. But, really, daddy,' she said earnestly, 'they don't need watching. All they need is work, as a vent for their high spirits. I don't wonder that boys grow wild in town.'

Nat and Chris were back promptly at one o'clock, eager to go on.

'If you please, Miss Harper, mother wants to know if you can spare Chris long enough to go on an errand for her.'

Glancing up, Blythe, who was down on her knees setting out bulbs along the low front of the 'spite,' saw a thin, lank girl of fifteen gazing at her timidly across the fence.

'You're Gusta, aren't you?' Blythe inquired, with a smile. 'Chris has just been telling me about you. Of course, Chris can be spared whenever your mother needs him.'

Gusta lingered after seeing Chris off. Possibly Blythe's cordial reply had something to do with it.

'What you putting out?' she ventured.

Blythe was quick to take advantage of the opportunity she had been waiting for. 'Madeira tubers,' she answered, 'The vines will look so pretty on this low fence. Wouldn't you like some for your side?'

'Oh, yes, indeed!' her thin dark face flushing until she looked almost pretty. Then her face fell as she added, dejectedly. 'But what's the use? Those dreadful chickens would scratch them up.'

Cover them with brush until the vines get well started,' suggested Blythe.

'Well, I'll try it, and thank you very much, Miss Harper,' Gusta said, with sudden decision. 'If the chickens bother, I'll wring their necks. I'm tired of this yard looking like a barnyard, and I intend to have flowers like other people. Oh, I forgot!—we haven't a spade.'

'Chris can spade it with ours.'

'I'll spade it myself, if you will let me use

BOYS! MONEY FOR YOU!

and

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it while Chris is gone,' said Gusta, eagerly. 'The ground is soft.'

Gusta grew confidential as she spaded. Blythe soon had the whole Thorne history—a history of hardship, due chiefly to Amos Thorne's lack of management. Blythe read between the lines.

'Where have you been all this time?' inquired Gusta, at last.

'At my uncle's in Illinois. He gave me a year at the State Normal School there. I attended the summer school, also, then uncle secured me a position in the city schools. I've taught seven months.'

'My! it must be fine to earn money!' Gusta exclaimed, admiringly.

'It is—one feels so independent. I've saved most of mine, too; uncle wouldn't let me pay board. There! my bulbs are all in. Here are yours, Gusta. I have a great many more plants that I'll share with you Monday, if you can find time to put them out.'

'I'm out in the afternoon,' was the eager reply. 'My grade has only forenoon sessions. I can get my lessons at night.'

'So you can; and you can have the use of the spade after Chris is through with it this evening.'

By six o'clock both boys had finished their tasks. 'You both have done a fine day's work,' commended Blythe, as she handed each a silver dollar. 'What's this for, Chris?' with a puzzled look, as Chris put a small coin in her hand.

'A nickel for the half-hour I was on mother's errand.'

Blythe remonstrated, but Chris refused to take it back. 'I didn't earn it,' he protested, 'and I don't want it.'

'Pretty good stuff there, daddy,' Blythe asserted at the supper table, after relating the incident.

Her father made no reply, but she could see that it pleased him.

Monday afternoon found Gusta ready for work. Perched upon the top of the stepladder, Blythe gave directions.

'Now, Gusta,' she instructed, letting down a strip of woven wire, 'fasten that end to the ground with these stout stakes, and I'll nail this end to the top of the fence. My five strips are already in place. We'll put the five on your side half-way between, then string them together with common fencing wire, and have a continuous trellis on both sides for our vines.'

'It isn't fair for you to furnish everything,' protested Gusta.

'Oh, it didn't cost much, and it came out of my school money. This double-faced fence will make a staunch old trellis; it will stand for years. Why, by another year our places will be the envy of the whole town.'

Gusta's face clouded. 'Yours will,' she returned; 'but father says he can't afford improvements. He says that sixty dollars a month is little enough for seven mouths, seven backs, and seven pairs of feet, without any extras.'

'So it is,' admitted Blythe; 'but it will not require money—only work and skill and a great many vines.'

'Say, brightening up, 'mother sold the chickens this morning, all except a few she kept to eat. She says she is tired of chickens, anyway, and she wants a garden. I'm glad!'

Nat and Chris got home from school just as the trellis was finished.

'Just in time for your share of the plants, boys,' said Blythe; 'that is, if you want them.'

'You bet we do!' returned Chris. 'I like flowers, and so does Nat. If you give them all to Gusta, we can't pick a flower without a fuss.'

'All right!' laughed Blythe; 'you shall have some of your own. Here, Gusta, is a crimson rambler for you—uncle put in two, and I already have one at the front porch. Here's a sweet honeysuckle for Chris, and a coral honeysuckle for Nat. Uncle put up this box "unbeknownst" to me until the last minute. I have both kinds on the trellis beyond the house. We'll put star clematis at the fourth strip, and trumpet vine at the fifth. That will alternate red and white the whole length.'

'Vines would look pretty at the porches,' Gusta said, wistfully.

'You shall have a wistaria for the front porch, wild cucumbers for the back, and as many hardy passion vines as you want for the other fences and outbuildings.'

'I'll mend the fences first,' volunteered Chris. 'And if father will get the paint, I'll paint them.' Already the leaven was working.

'You might cut down that dead apple tree, too,' suggested Gusta.

'Don't,' Blythe objected. 'I see great possibilities in that tree. We'll turn it into a morning-glory arbor. I had one once, and it was the prettiest thing of the year.'

'Well, I'll cart off those old tin cans, anyway,' said Chris, in whom the spirit of improvement was making rapid progress.

'Don't,' interposed Blythe again. 'I have a rockery and you can have a—a tinnery,' laughing.

'What's a tinnery?'

'A tinnery,' explained Blythe, with a twinkle, 'is a rockery made of tin cans.'

'Oh!'

'We'll form the cans into a mound, fill them with rich soil, and plant vining nasturtiums in them. And,' glancing around, 'we'll put that broken-bottomed jar in the centre, and therein set a gorgeous red-and-yellow canna.'

'Oh,' Gusta clasped her hands ecstatically, 'I can just see how it will look in a few months.'

'What are you going to plant in that old barrel?' queried Nat, roguishly.

'We'll plant the old barrel itself,' laughed Blythe, 'back in that corner by the barn to put the surplus cans in. And we'll set out a great clump of red-and-white hollyhocks in front of it.'

'Yours were beautiful last year,' exclaimed Gusta. 'I used to climb up on the ladder to see them.'

The absurdity of having to use a ladder to see a neighbor's flowers was too much for

A Tame Eagle.

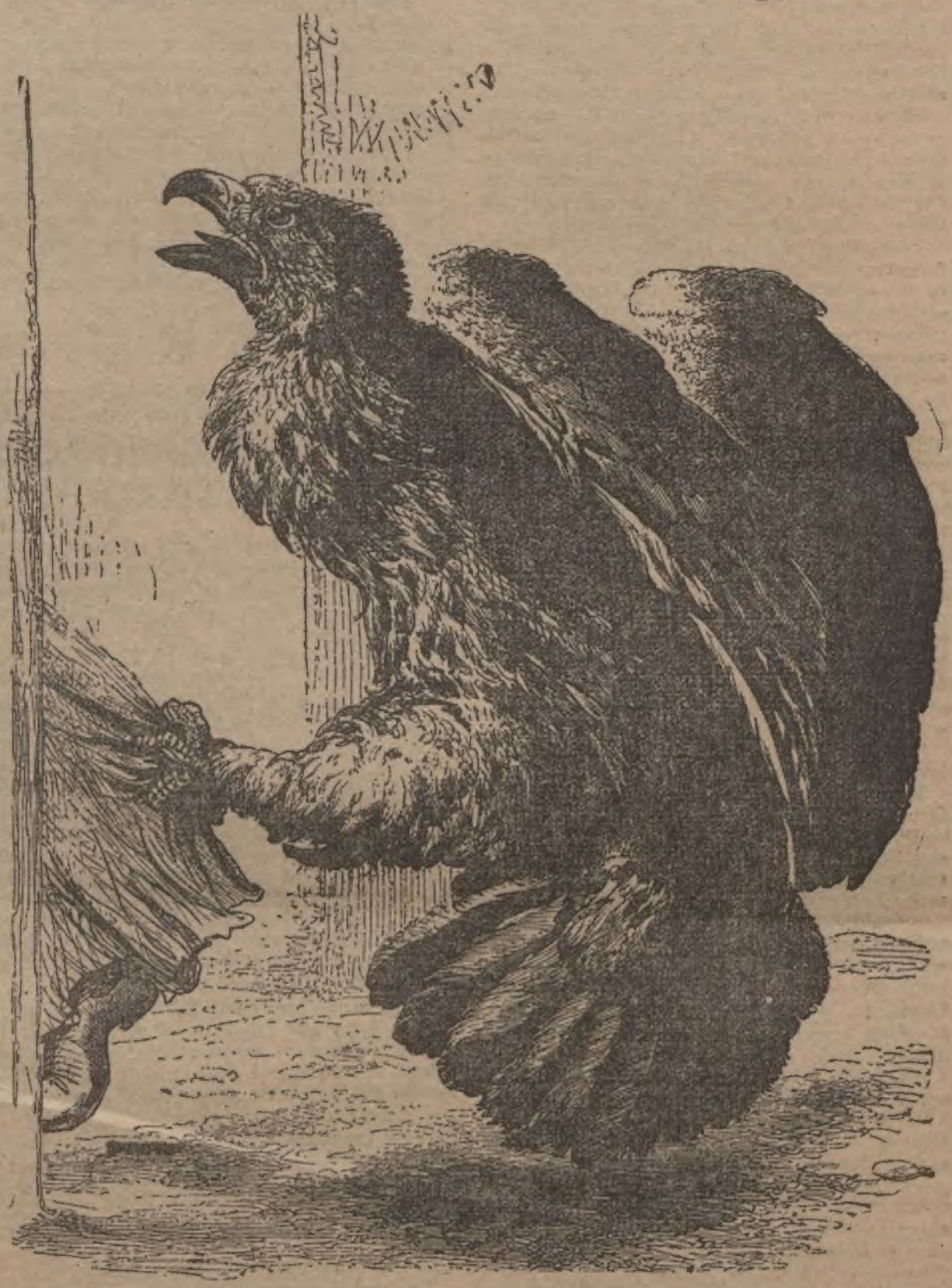
(From Anecdotes in 'Natural History,' by the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.)

Mr. Goodrich relates the following interesting fact:—

'Not long since, a man in Connecticut shot an eagle of the largest kind. The bird fell to the ground, and, being only wounded, the man carried him home alive. He took good care of him, and he soon got well. He became quite attached to the place where he was taken care of, and though he was permitted to go at large, and often flew away to a considerable distance, he would always come back again.

'He used to take his station in the door-yard in the front of the house; and if any well-dressed persons came through the yard to the house, the eagle would sit still and make no objections; but if a ragged person came into the yard, he would fly at him, seize his clothes with one claw, hold on to the grass with the other, and thus make him prisoner.

'Often was the proprietor of the house called upon to release persons that had been thus seized by the eagle. It is a curious fact that he never attacked ragged people going to the house the back way. It was only when they attempted to enter through the front door that he assailed them. He had some other curious habits; he did not go out every day to get breakfast, dinner, and supper; his custom was about once a-week to make a hearty meal, and that was sufficient for six days. His most common food was the king-bird, of which he would catch sometimes ten in the course of a few hours, and these would suffice for his weekly repast.'



Blythe's gravity. Gusta and the boys caught the infection, and Mrs. Harper came to the door to see what was the matter.

'Then some day we will christen your place,' said Blythe. 'Ours is Roselawn.'

'Ours shall be'—Gusta glanced around with a vision of the future—'Vine Cottage.'

'That's pretty,' commended Blythe. 'In spite of Shakespeare, there's a great deal in a name, especially if one tries to live up to it.'

'You live up to yours,' Gusta said quickly; 'blithe means "gay" or "joyous"—I looked it up this morning—and a harper makes music. You are like music, yourself, and I've heard you playing the piano. I love it.'

'Thank you, Gusta,' said Blythe warmly. 'That is the very nicest compliment I've ever received. Come over to-night, you and the boys, and I'll play for you. Father and mother are going out to spend the evening, and I'll be alone. I'll tell you all about the Home Improvement Club we had in Illinois, too. We will start one here, soon.'

But the Thornes needed no Home Improvement Club as a spur. Gusta became a veritable autocrat of neatness and much of the surplus vitality of Nat and Chris went into vines and flowers and vegetables, not only at home, but wherever there was a demand for a willing boy. This soon proved quite remunerative, and the Thorne finances profited thereby.

Blythe's 'magic box' proved more potent than she anticipated. The season turned out very favorable, and the vines and other plants flourished wonderfully. The Thorne place underwent a transformation. The 'oasis,' aided by a fresh sowing of seed, spread and spread, and the 'desert' blossomed as a rose. The 'spite' fence crept well out of sight the first year, and by the second hid its diminished head completely under a red-and-white glory that bid fair to give every passer-by a 'crick in the neck.' Buildings and fences were repaired and painted, then vine-embowered. Not an unsightly spot or object was left on the premises by the devoted Gusta. Vine Cottage lived up to its name and rivalled Roselawn.

The transformation at Thorne's had one unlooked-for effect—the second year flowers sprang up in the yards, and vines crept up over unsightly fences along the whole street. But best of all, the feeling of amity that started with the Madeira vines grew and strengthened between the two families, the most marked change dating from the day that Gusta, who was visiting with Blythe across the vines, exclaimed with mingled joy and amazement:—

'O Blythe! yonder comes your father and —why, it's Nat and Chris in the buggy with him!'

And several days later:—

'O Blythe! what do you think?—your father and my father started off together this morning!'

Flitter.

A True Story of a Dove.

Flitter was a dove. She was not a white dove, neither was she ringed or speckled; she was not of a brilliant blue color, with a peacock ruff around her neck, like some rare creatures of her kind. She was only a plain little dove-colored dove, looking as though she might be the very commonest kind of a bird; but she was far from being that, as you will see.

One morning Teddy Barker, the miller's boy, said to his father: 'Have you noticed the dove that sits up on the beams in the horse shed, or flies around there all day? She's been there for quite a while.'

'I saw one the other day,' returned Mr. Barker. 'I threw her out a handful of grain. Hasn't she gone yet?'

'No,' said Teddy; 'I wouldn't wonder if she had come to stay. It is getting to be pretty cold weather for her to pick up things. I am going to feed her now.'

'I would,' said Mr. Barker. He was a kind hearted man, and he knew what a good thing it was for a ten-year-old boy to have a pet. After that Teddy fed the dove every morning and night.

One day he came in and said, "Father," I've got a name for that dove.'

'What is it?'

'You see, when I go out to feed her she comes down so pretty! She doesn't fly really, and she doesn't flutter, she sort o'flitters. I'm going to call her Flitter.'

'All right,' said his father. 'I used to have a dove when I was a boy, and I called it Pete.'

'I'm not going to call my dove Pete,' rejoined Teddy, indignantly. 'You might call a bull-dog Pete, but I don't think it's a nice name for a soft little dove. Now Flitter sounds just like her.'

(I am afraid Teddy said 'jest.')

'All right,' said Mr. Barker, laughing. So Flitter she was.

It was in early December when Teddy first spied the dove. His father was building a nice new hen-house close by the mill. When it was finished the hens flocked into it gladly. They had had only a rough shelter before and the weather was growing very cold.

'Father,' said Teddy one evening, 'it's going to freeze like everything to-night. I believe I'll put Flitter into the hen-house.'

'That's a good idea,' his father responded. 'She might as well stay there whenever she likes. There's plenty of room.'

So Teddy introduced Flitter into the hen-house. She gazed about her new home with bright, pleased eyes; that is, Teddy said they looked pleased. The hens, however, did not seem to welcome her very gladly. For several days they made poor little Flitter's life miserable by pecking at her, and cackling all sorts of ugly noises at her; but she showed no sort of resentment when she was attacked. She merely flew out of the way very softly until the naughty hens calmed down. Then she would take her place among them again with a sweet confidence, which after a little seemed to disarm their wrath.

Before Flitter had been an inmate of the hen-house two weeks there was not a fowl in it which did not seem glad to have the little dove snuggle down beside her at night. If dear little Flitter had understood the New Testament, she could not have followed its precepts more closely.

One day Teddy came running into the mill in great excitement. 'Come!' he called to his father—'come quick!'

Mr. Barker could leave as well as not, so he followed Teddy to the yard of the hen-house, where there were two hens fighting in the most vicious way. Flitter was on a perch just above the combatants and evidently in great distress. She fluttered about wildly, and uttered little heart-broken moans. Finally she 'flittered' gently through the air, landing right between the angry fighters.

'There!' whispered Teddy, 'that's just what she did when I ran in to get you. I was in hopes she would do it again, for I saw the hens wouldn't stop them. Now how do you suppose a little bit of a dove like her dares to get right in between those great cross hens? I should think she would be too scared.' (Teddy pronounced it 'scart.')

Mr. Barker shook his head. 'It's beyond me,' he said.

The hens would not hurt their little friend on any account, and presently the fight stopped.

'I've heard of the "dove of peace," and all that,' declared the good miller afterward, in describing the scene to one of the neighbors but I didn't suppose doves were really so much inclined that way. This one is, though.'

After that Teddy watched the dove more closely than ever, and ran whenever he heard the noise of battling in the hen yard. He found that it was a part of the regular programme for the dove to interfere in all the fights that went on there. Teddy saw her break up many and many a petty squabble just as she had broken up the one which he had called father out to see.

The spring came on. The flock of hens had been considerably thinned out to supply the good miller's table, and now he bought a new supply from among his neighbors. Like their predecessors, these hens seemed to regard little Flitter as an interloper, and treated her very unkindly; but she won them over, just as she had won over the others, by the uniform gentleness with which she treated them. No Quaker in his garb of drab was ever a more determined apostle of peace and fraternity than was the little dove-colored dove.

One morning in the early summer one of the neighbors came over to the mill and said to Mr. Barker: 'There's some sort of a creature killing the hens around here. My next door neighbor lost seven good hens last night, and two of mine are missing. There are bloody feathers all over my yard, and the carcasses of the hens are lying out in the grass yonder. The creature just sucks the blood and then leaves. It's a weasel or a lynx or something of that sort. Some of us are going to take our guns to-night and watch for him. You want to look after your hens a little sharper than common.'

Mr. Barker thanked him, and said that he certainly would; but the very next day he found bloody feathers scattered all around the hen-house, and two hens were missing.

All the keepers of fowls in the village were thoroughly excited by this time, and it might as well be told right here that a few nights later one of the hunters shot a long slim weasel. After this the depredations upon the poor chicks ceased.

On the morning that the two hens were missing Mr. Barker and Teddy were unusually busy, but Teddy went about with a grave face and wet eyes. He was fond of his hens, and could not bear to have them frightened and murdered so. It was bad enough to have to kill one himself to make a savory chicken pie of.

During the morning he happened to look out of the window. There was Flitter in the grass, and pecking away at it. When she had filled her bill with bits of grass she flew toward the hen-house.

'I wonder what's she's up to?' thought Teddy. But he was too busy to go just then to see.

Pretty soon he happened to be near the window again, and again he saw little Flitter with three or four bits of grass in her bill go flying toward the hen-house. Mr. Barker came up just then.

'Have you noticed your dove?' he asked Teddy. 'She's been working like a good fellow, I've looked out a dozen times, and every time I've seen her going in the hen-house with her bill full of grass.'

'I've been seeing her, too,' cried Teddy, his curiosity now thoroughly roused. 'Can't you spare me long enough to run out and see what's the matter, father?'

'Yes, go along,' said Mr. Barker.

A few moment's later Teddy came rushing in again. His face was pale, and he looked as though he had been very deeply impressed by something or other.

'Come father, you must come and see what Flitter is doing,' he said.

'But I can't,' protested the good miller. 'There are half a dozen men waiting here.'

'I can't help it,' cried Teddy. 'Tell 'em all to come, too. They'll see the queerest thing they ever saw or heard of, I'll wager.'

So they all left the old mill to run itself for a while, and stepped over to the little hen-house. There was a row of box nests at one side of the building. By lifting a plank one could look right down into these nests. Teddy raised the board. There lay the dead bodies of the two missing hens. They had evidently had just strength enough left to crawl, after they had been attacked, into their nests to die. But hardly enough of them was to be seen to show what manner of creatures they were, for they were completely hidden by a delicate coverlet of fresh bits of the summer grass. While the men were looking, little Flitter flew fearlessly down among them, dropped some blades of grass upon the bodies of her dead comrades, and was off again in a breath for more. It was a touching sight.

'That's what she's been doing,' said Teddy.

'Well, I declare!' was all that the good miller could say. His eyes were suspiciously moist, and all the men were very sober as they turned to go back into the mill.

'I never believed before that the robins did cover the babes in the wood with leaves, but I do now,' said Teddy.

Little Flitter still lives on in the hen-house beside Mr. Barker's mill, ever putting forth her best efforts to civilize the community in which she dwells. She is not only a joy and a blessing to them, but she is a living lesson to all of us who know what she has done.—'Harper's Young People.'

A Good Pointer.

Every man can be in love with his work if he will always think of how well he can do that work and not how easily he can do it.—Senator Beveridge.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Pennies.

A Missionary Recitation for the Little Ones.

I have a little servant,
He's small and brown and round;
His brother, I am very sure,
With each of you is found.

And he can go—it seems so queer—
The whole wide world right through,
And in each country he can find
Some helpful thing to do.

I cannot go across the seas
And tell the children dear
The story of our Father's love
For all both far and near.

But these brown pennies here can go,
And do what I would do;
Tongue, hands, heart, brain they can become,
These helpers brave and true.

They send the preachers kind and wise,
They print the Bible true,
They sail the ships and build the homes,
And feed the hungry too.

So bring your pennies, one and all,
Our messengers they are,
And each of them shall help to bear
The love of Christ afar.

'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

The Child in the Glass.

The child who lives in the looking-glass
Is always waiting to see me pass;
She never seems to run and play,
But watches for me there all day;
For every time I go and see,
I find her peeping round at me.
One day when I was cross and cried,
She stretched her mouth so very wide,
I had to laugh—then she did, too;
She likes to do just what I do.

—St. Nicholas.

An Adventure in a Wood.

(H. K.——— for the 'Messenger.')

'Come on, Bobby, there's an hour before tea-time, let's play hide-and-seek,' and the two children ran away down the garden to the brook.

They played there for a little while but the trees were so small you couldn't hide properly, and the bushes weren't high enough to do any good.

Bobby said it would be much nicer in the wood on the other side of the brook, so they crossed over, walking carefully on the stones till they came to the other side.

The wood was certainly a lovely place for hide-and-seek, there were such lovely big trees, and hollow stumps and fallen logs, and then the green moss was so soft and nice to rest on when you were tired.

Presently they came to a part of the wood they did not remember having seen before. The trees were very tall, and there weren't any logs about, and the grass was smooth and green like a lawn, with here and there a little blue flower peeping out.

It was so pretty that Marjory said it looked like fairyland, only there were no fairies about.

Just then Bobby jumped. 'I wouldn't be too sure of that,' said he. 'You look over here and tell me what you think that is.'

Marjory looked around quickly to see what Bobby was talking about, and I know, if you tried all day, you could never never guess what it was.

At first the children rubbed their eyes and pinched themselves to see if they were dreaming, but when they found they were wide awake they slipped behind a tree and began to watch, and this is what they saw.

Two funny brown furry things about the size of a collie dog came crawling down a little path between the trees till they came to the open place. There they sat up and looked around, and then rolled over and went to sleep.

A beautiful little fairy running down a little path between the trees. She stopped when she saw the funny animals, and began wailing, 'Oh, my brothers, my dear brothers, have I found you at last?' Then they woke up, and the fairy touched them with her wand.

It happened just as it does in the fairy tales, the brown skins dropped off, and up jumped two nice little boys.

They all took hands and danced around, singing, 'Oh, we're so happy, so happy again, we're free, we're free, we're free.'

Marjory couldn't hold herself any longer, she just had to go and find out who they were.

'Who are you, please, and what are you doing here?' she asked. 'This is our wood, and I didn't know there were any fairies here.'

'Oh,' said the fairy, 'We have come to stay at Thwaites farm for the summer, and this is such a nice place to play in. We didn't know it belonged to anyone.'

'Why,' said Bobby, disappointedly. 'Then you're just a girl and not a fairy at all.'

The little girl laughed, and one of the little boys told Bobby that it was his sister's favorite game. They would pretend to be enchanted princes, changed into animals by a wicked giant, and

Kitty's Picture.

(Cecil Whittier Trout, in the 'Intelligencer.')

Now, Kitty, don't you dare to stir.
You naughty little cat!
You'll spoil the picture if you purr,
And move your tail like that!

You really do not seem to see
That master's going to take
A photograph of you and me,
And that you mustn't shake.

What! have you done it? Thought you had,
It won't be good, I know.
Perhaps it won't be very bad;
I hope the purr won't show.

their sister, the fairy princess, had to find them in the forest and rescue them with her magic wand.

Marjory thought it was a lovely game, so the other children asked her to come and play with them every afternoon. They said Bobby could be the wicked giant, and Marjory the princess, because it was much nicer to have a princess and a fairy godmother than just a fairy princess.

Just then they heard the tea-bell ring, so they said good-bye, and ran home.

But they came again next day, and had a perfectly lovely fairy-tale-time all the summer.

Mamma Knows Best.

(A. D. Walker, in 'Christian Work.')

Bennie's face it wore a frown,
And his eyes each held a tear,
While the rain came briskly down,
And the sky was dark and drear.

Bennie wished to go to play,
But his mamma shook her head,
'It rains too fast, dear boy, to-day,'
In a gentle voice she said.

Bennie's tears fell like the rain,
And his lips they were a-pout,
As loud he cried yet once again,
'It is too bad; I will go out!'

But there came a better thought,
Calming Bennie's struggling breast;
A lesson faithful conscience taught,
'Mamma always knows what's best.'

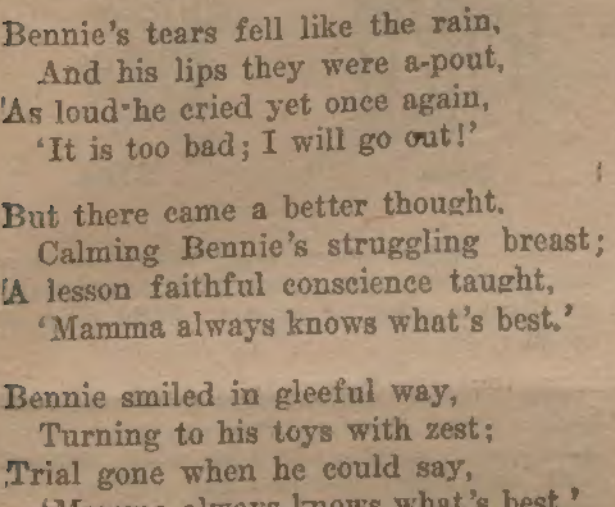
Bennie smiled in gleeful way,
Turning to his toys with zest;
Trial gone when he could say,
'Mamma always knows what's best.'

Children, try young Bennie's way
When mamma grants not your request;
Try with cheerful voice to say,
'Mamma always knows what's best.'

The Husbandman and the Stork;

Or, You Are Known By The Company You Keep.

A husbandman fixed a net in his field to catch the Cranes that came to



feed on his new-sown corn. When he went to examine the net, and see what Cranes he had taken, a Stork was found among the number. 'Spare me,' cried the Stork, 'and let me go! I am no Crane. I have eaten none of your

corn. I am a poor Stork, as you may see—the most pious and dutiful of

birds. I take care of my father and mother. I——' But the Husbandman cut him short. 'All this may be true enough, I dare say; but this I know, that I have caught you with those who were eating my crops, and you must suffer with the company in which you are taken.'—Æsop's Fables.

My Uncle Knows.

I always used, when I went to bed,
Right under the clothes to hide my head
But my Uncle Joe came back one day—
I was only three when he went away—
And he told me what I didn't know
In all my life, did my Uncle Joe.

'There are no bogies at night,' he said;
'Just birds and flowers that have gone to bed,
And crickets and such things scattered 'round,
Tucked up in the dark all safe and sound;
And dreams out of Wonderland, too,' said he,
On the lookout for sleepy-heads like me.

So I'm not afraid of the dark one bit;
But I lie half awake, just watching it,
And wait for the dreams to take my hand
And lead me away to the Wonderland.
Sometimes I think if it wasn't true,
But just pretending, what should I do!
But since he says it, it must be so,
For my uncle knows, does my Uncle Joe.

—'Holiday Magazine.'

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Temperance

The Total Abstainer as a Good Samaritan.

(Rev. A. J. Gordon, in the 'Watchword.')

And it came to pass as a certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave he fell among saloonkeepers, who robbed him of his money, ruined his good name, destroyed his reason, and then kicked him out worse than dead.

A moderate drinker came that way, and when he saw him he said: 'He is but a dog; they served him right. Let him die; he is a curse to his family.'

And also a license voter came that way, and when he saw him he said: 'The brute! Put a ball and chain upon his leg and work him on the street.'

And a fanatic teetotaler came that way, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and raised him up, assisted him to his home, and ministered to his wants and the wants of his family, got him to sign the pledge and started him on his journey in comfort and happiness.

Who, think you, was the greater friend to humanity—the saloonkeeper, the moderate drinker, the license voter, or the fanatic teetotaler?

Strong Testimony.

Sir Andrew Clark said: 'I am speaking solemnly and carefully, and I tell you that I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of ten there owed their ill-health to alcohol. When I think of all this, I am disposed to give up my profession, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men, Beware of this enemy of the race.' Sir Henry Thompson said: 'I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink, taken in the quantity conventionally termed moderate.' Sir William Gull said: 'Where alcohol is taken, even in moderation, it deadens the nervous system, spoils the health, and spoils the intellect, by injuring the nervous tissue of the brain.'—Selected.

Prohibition Sentiments From German Newspapers.

That the liquor traffic and the attendant intemperance tend more than any one thing to jeopardize the general welfare of humanity is a matter of common knowledge. Hence the right of the state to invade the domain of the personal liberty of the people responsible for this evil cannot be questioned by any sane person.—'Bundesbote,' Berne, Ind., Official Organ of the German Mennonites.

To make the liquor curse decent is a monstrosity, and it is vain to make the attempt. A hog will remain a hog, even if you put a golden ring in its snout.—'Christliche Botschafter,' Cleveland, O., Official German Organ of the Evangelical Church.

The saloon cannot be reformed, for it is utterly unjustifiable. It can no more be reformed than can the devil be changed into an angel. The fight must go on. The saloon must go!—'Evangelische Zeitschrift,' Harrisburg, Pa., Official Organ of the German United Evangelical Church.

The saloons are the plague spots of the land and should be banished from the city and county.—'Kirchenzeitung,' Cleveland, O., Official Organ of the German Reformed Church.

Effects of Lager Beer Drinking.

The following short article is quoted from the 'Scientific American,' and speaks for itself:

'For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong liquors, using, as a substitute, lager beer. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful and contains a large amount of nutriment.

'This theory is without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of lager beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys—all of these symptoms are constantly present.

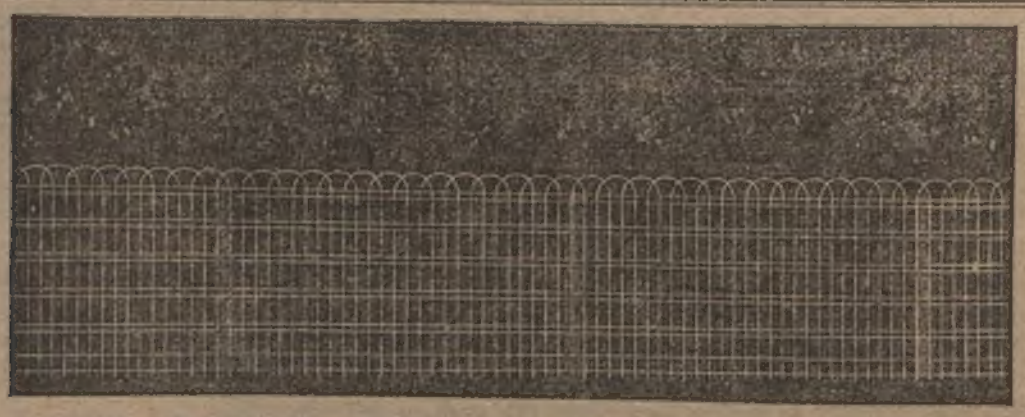
'Intellectually, a stupor, amounting to almost a paralysis, arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger which are senseless and brutal.

'In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. The constant use of lager beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces. Recourse to lager beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality.'

Alcohol in Relation to Motherhood.

A lecture by Mrs. Kelynack with the above title is published in the 'British Journal of Inebriety' for July. Mrs. Kelynack is well qualified to speak upon this aspect of the Temperance question, and does so to good purpose. She quotes in her lecture a very striking fact recorded by Dr. Arcdall Reid some years ago.

'Of the lineal descendants of one Ada Jurke, who was born in 1740 and died from alcoholism in 1800, 7 were convicted of assassination and punished accordingly, 76 others were convicted of minor crimes of all grades, 144 were mendicants by profession, 64 were cared for by various public charities, and, finally, 181 were prostitutes.' Mrs. Kelynack is perfectly justified in her contention—fully argued out—that this family, which cost the State upwards of a million sterling, was largely the result of alcoholism of the original Ada.



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Marital Purity.

(By Mrs. Mabel L. Conklin.)

There is no relation so little studied and discussed, or about which so little is known to-day concerning its proper uses and abuses as the marriage relation. Yet this is the plan given humanity and devised by the Heavenly Father. It is this, our nearness to Divinity in our ability to transmit and create, that has brought us into actual partnership with God, the Creator. All through the Bible the relation of parentage is exalted as the supremest relation in life, therefore men and women, as fathers and mothers, or young men and young women as potential fathers and mothers, should aim to come very near

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to God's standard in this relation; but because they do not is the reason why there is so much sin and misery in the world to-day.

Young people, as they approach the time of their own home-building, are but seldom given a perfect knowledge of the divine laws governing the use of the marriage relation, consequently many of them marry with the determination of not experiencing parenthood, not realizing the sin they are thus committing against God and humanity. Children should be taught that they are children, that they may become men and women, and that they may wear the benedictions of marriage, thus becoming partners with God in His plan of creation for the perpetuation, the upbuilding and betterment of the human race. Fortunes and lives are being expended in the endeavor to perfect the racers in our stables, the plant life in our conservatories, and it would be difficult to find in our country to-day a 12-year-old boy who could not tell something of the laws governing stock-raising; but the appalling fact remains that there is probably not one out of every 10,000 adults in our land who knows anything about, or cares, concerning the laws that determine whether a man, upon coming into the world, shall be a theologian or a criminal, a scientist or a fool, notwithstanding the fact that these are questions largely decided for men before they ever see the light of day.

One writer truthfully puts it: 'It is a terrible thing to take a human life, but how much more terrible to thrust a human life into this world unendowed with its birthright of being well born.'

No restlessness or discontent can change your lot. Others may have other circumstances surrounding them, but here are yours. You had better make up your mind to accept what you cannot alter. You can live a beautiful life in the midst of your present circumstances.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

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Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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D.A. 12—REGULATION LEAGUE MASK. Dull black finish, heavy steel wire, well finished and reliable. Reg. $2.25, for **$1.89**

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D.A. 14 — FIELDERS' GLOVE, made of brown horsehide, heavy inside roll, extra padded little finger, webbed thumb, soft leather back, fingers lined with soft felting, strongly stitched, and neatly bound. Reg. $2.00, for **$1.49**

D.A. 15. — GLASGOW ASSOCIATON FOOTBALL, No. 5, made of the best selected stock, best rubber centre. Reg. $2.49, for **$1.98**

D.A. 16. — HEAVY TARRED TENNIS NET, made of hard American cord, with heavy rope inserted under white duck; bound top; size 42 ft. x 3½ ft. Reg. $4.75, for **$3.35**

D.A. 17. — TENNIS RACKET, frame of white ash, strung with the best white gut, combed handle, weight 12 to 14 oz. Reg. $3.35, for **$2.89**

Tennis Balls, Ayer's, Slazinger's, each .35, or **$4.00** dozen.

LAWN CROQUET.

D.A. 18. — 8-BALL SET; weight 30 lbs., extra select stock, all hand-finished, stakes, mallets and handles nicely varnished, and well wrapped; set complete in dovetailed box, with handles, worth $3.75, for **$2.39**

4 Ball Sets, for **.69**; 6 Ball Sets for **.79**

Croquet, **$1, $1.25, $1.65** to **$2.75**

HAMMOCKS.

D.A. 20. — WOVEN HAMMOCKS, with pillow, quarter color with green or red stripe; 31 x 76, each .. .. **.75**

D.A. 21. — OUR NEW DESIGNS in Canadian and American Hammocks for the season of 1909 are very much in advance of any previous showing and represent the most desirable production of the best manufacturers.

Canadian or American Hammocks, closely woven, full color, 36 x 76, with pillow, etc., fancy pattern; each **$1.25**

D.A. 22. — Same Hammock as D.A. 21, with valance, each **$1.50**

D.A. 23. — CLOSELY WOVEN HAMMOCK, close corded weave, wide stripes, in red, green, black and yellow color combinations, 36 x 76, with solid pillow and valance; each **$1.75**

D.A. 24. — 'MAMMOTH' Black and gold and red and gold Hammock, rich color combination; size of bed, 40 x 78, with large pillow and valance **$2.75**

D.A. 25. — CLOSELY WOVEN STAR BRAND HAMMOCKS; size, 38 x 80, wide valance and pillow; colors, red and yellow, red and black, red, green and gold; each **$3.75**

D.A. 26. — CANADIAN CLOSE WEAVE HAMMOCKS. Size, 42 x 86; is strung to give divided suspension, with wood bars, full colors, large, loose pillow, and wide valance; each **$4.25**

Sterling Puritan Blue Flame Coal Oil Stoves.

The Sterling Puritan represents the acme of perfection in coal oil cooking stoves, and is the best wickless stove on the market, being most simple in construction and perfect in operation. The improved tap grates are so constructed that if water or food boil over, they cannot run into the burners and put out the fire; on these stoves all the necessary cooking for small families can be done at the least possible expense; one gallon oil will run one burner from 17 to 20 hours.

D.A. 27. — STERLING PURITAN Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stove, 2 burners, 14 x 22, height, 12½; net weight, 21 lbs. **$6.00**

COAL OIL STOVES.

D.A. 28. — STERLING PURITAN, 3 burners; top, 14 x 32; height, 12½; net weight, 27 lbs. **$9.00**

D.A. 29. — GIPSEY COAL OIL STOVES, round tin bottom, tin tube, chimney on hinges; 4⅛ in. wick; cast iron top.

One burner .. .. **.45**

Two burner **$1.00**

Three burner **$1.50**

D.A. 30. — VICTOR Coal Oil Stoves, cast iron bottom, tin tube and cast iron top, 4⅛ wick.

One burner .. .. **.65**

Two burner **$1.30**

Three burner **$1.95**

D.A. 31. —SUMMER QUEEN Coal Oil Stoves, Two burners; galvanized iron bottom; 4¼ in. wick **$1.35**

FISHING TACKLE.

D.A. 32. — JAPANESE BAMBOO ROD, 2 joint, and single ferrules; length, 7½ to 8 ft., for .. .. **.10**

D.A. 33. — JAPANESE BAMBOO ROD, 3 joint; single ferrules, 9 feet long. Reg. .25; big value, for .. .. **.15**

D.A. 34. MOTTLED BAMBOO RODS, 3 joint, single ferrules; 12 ft. long; worth .50; extra value .. .. **.35**

D.A. 35. MOTTLED BAMBOO ROD, 3 joint, single ferrules, with rod seat; 10½ ft. .. .. **.59**

D.A. 36. — LANCEWOOD TROUT RODS, 3 joint, single ferrules; has one tip; 9 ft. Special at .. .. **.65**

D.A. 37. — LANCEWOOD BASS RODS, 10 ft., 3 joint, brass ferrule, full mounted. Extra bait tip **$1.75**

D.A. 38. — GREENHEART TROUT RODS, bronze ferrules, 3 joint; has one tip extra, at **$2.75**

D.A. 39. — TRUNK RODS, 4 joints, Bamboo mottled, double brass ferrules, reel seat, at **$1.25**

D.A. 40. — TRUNK RODS, 5 joint, wood, Lancewood tips, double brass ferrules. Special **$1.00**

D.A. 41. — SPLIT CANE BASS RODS, 9½ ft., 3 joint, cork grip, nickel, full mounted; one tip. Extra value for **$1.25**

D.A. 42. — LANDING NET, handle and ring complete. Special at **$1.00** and **$1.25**

D.A. 43. — BRASS REELS, with click, full 25 yard size. .. .. **.15**

D.A. 44. — BRASS REELS, same as above; 60 yds. .. .. **.25**

Nickel plated multiplying balance handle, 60 yards; extra value .. .. .. **.90**

D.A. 45. — ARTIFICIAL FLIES, big assortment .. .. **.5** each

D.A. 46. — FLOATS. Regular size, good color; enamelled; prices 2 for **.5**, **.5** each and **.10** each.

D.A. 47. — FISHING LINES, twisted flax, braided cotton .. .. **.10**

D.A. 48. — STANDARD Multiplying Silk Lines at.. .. .. **.25** to **.50**

D.A. 49.—SPECIAL, 100 Kirby Fish Hooks, for .. .. **.10**

D.A. 50. —GUT HOOKS, 6 in packet, for **.5**

Two Ring Sinkers, 3 for.. .. .. .. **.5**

Two Ring Sinkers, 2 for .. .. **.5**

Two Ring Sinkers, each .. .. **.5**

D.A. 51. — RANGLEY SINKERS, Patent, Sizes 6 to 10, ranging in price, 3 for **.5**; 2 for **.5**, and **.5** each.

D.A. 52. — BAIT BOXES, Minnow Pails, Minnow Traps, Folding Lunch Boxes, etc.

BATHING SUITS, JERSEYS, ETC.

Boys' Imported Plain Navy One-Piece Bathing Suits; the kind they all like; 22 to 30. Special .. .. **.23**

Boys' English Cashmere Jerseys, for summer wear; navy with white or red on collar and cuffs; 22 to 32. Reduced to **.89**

Men's Negligee Shirts, with laundered cuffs attached; a large variety of stripes, spots, etc.; 14 to 16½. Special .. .. **.48**

Men's French Balbriggan Underwear, double thread yarn, extension bands, long sleeve shirts, ankle length drawers; 34 to 42. Special, per garment .. .. .. **.44**

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